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AND CIGARS

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Wahpeton Bakery

CARL JACOBSON, Proprietor

Cor. of 3rd Street and Dak. Ave. Wahpeton, N. D.

A BRILLIANT WEDDING

Elaborate Function for Polfuss-Bladow Nuptials

A wedding that will live long in the memory of the guests occurred in Brandenburg township yesterday when the marriage of Miss Lena Polfuss and Mr. Edward C. Bladow was celebrated.

The ceremony occurred at 10:30 o'clock at St. John's church in Belford, Rev. Hilgendorf, officiating. Following the church service, the assembly repaired to the Polfuss farm home on the banks of the Wild Rice river, where more than 300 persons joined in a celebration of the marriage. An immense dance hall had been built especially for the occasion, likewise a dining hall and kitchen, and to describe the social features of the wedding is beyond our ability. Suffice it to say that everything imaginable in the way of good things to eat and drink had been provided in quantities that proved more than abundant. The grounds and buildings were lighted by electricity from a plant installed especially for the occasion, the Hankinson band furnished music throughout the day and night, and dancing and other amusements kept the guests busy every moment.

The young couple are known to everyone in this section. The

bride is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gustaf Polfuss and grew to womanhood on the home farm. She is a gifted young lady, esteemed by all for her many excellent qualities. The groom is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bladow, and is an industrious farmer, destined to take his place among the solid citizens of the Wild Rice neighborhood. Both families are among the pioneers of the county and have taken a prominent part in the development of the section in which they reside.

BRYAN SAVES LIFE BY 8-FOOT JUMP

William J. Bryan former secretary of state, narrowly missed death at Toledo, Ohio Saturday when he walked across the tracks at the station with an onrushing freight train bearing down close upon him.

A negro porter warned Bryan just in time.

When Bryan saw his danger he quickly jumped from the track to a platform which the porter afterward said was eight feet away.

Mr. Bryan was on his way to Detroit to talk prohibition.

That Last Chapter

How a Detective Story Was Finished.

By F. A. MITCHEL

"Hello!"
"Well!"
"Are you Mr. MacKinnon?"
"Yes. What is it?"
"I'm Hayden, composing room. The last chapter of that detective story is missing."

"Missing?"
"Yes."
"Great Scott! What are we to do? Connelly read it, and I sent up the manuscript just as I received it from him. You say it is a detective story?"
"Yes. That's what the title indicates."

Here was a beautiful situation. A detective story with the last chapter missing! Connelly was the only person connected with the office who had read it, and he had gone away. I ordered a search made for the missing chapter without success. Nothing remained but the author. I called to the telephone operator, "Give me No. 2078 Penfield."

It seemed an hour, though it was but forty seconds, before I heard a click, and a woman's voice answered:

"Well?"
"Is this Miss Quigley?"
"This is Miss Quigley's home, but she's not here. She sailed this morning for Japan."

The groan I gave was doubtless audible to the woman on the other end of the wire, for she asked if anything was the matter. In reply I asked her if Miss Quigley had left any manuscripts or parts of manuscripts with her. The reply was that before leaving the authoress had burned every scrap of paper she had except a detective story in the hands of her publishers. I groaned again and hung up the receiver without even thanking the person for her information.

There was nothing for it but to read the story and write the last chapter myself. Just think—make an ending to a detective story, a detective story written by a woman famed for weaving plots that no human being but herself could unravel! I must first wade through a labyrinth of incidents intended to throw the reader off the track, my head at the same time being full of other matters. Connelly attended to such work, and I knew little or nothing about it. He had gone into hiding to escape a legal summons and no one but himself knew where. With the authoress in the middle of the biggest ocean on earth, there was no respite for me. I took up the telephone receiver again.

"Send me the manuscript of that detective story at once. There's been some confounded carelessness somewhere, and whoever is to blame will get his head taken off."

The latter part of this message was superfluous. It was merely a blowing off of the mad that was in me. The manuscript came down, and placing it on the desk at one side, the rest being covered with an infinite variety of matter, principally galleys, proofs, page proofs and everything else that can come from printers to distress an editor, I turned to the first chapter and began to skim, for I had altogether too much to occupy me to give the matter undivided attention. While reading the first chapter I gave orders concerning the making of pictures, the buying of supplies, the turning down of submitted manuscripts. I apologized for having offended suffragists, anti-suffragists, prohibitionists and winebibbers.

I have given this information respecting the interruptions attending my reading of the first chapter simply for a sample of the rest. When I finished all of the story I possessed I knew no more about the plan on which it was written than of the last chapter. But I had formed some idea of what might possibly be thrown in to worry the reader—it certainly worried me—and I went over it all again, this time to get a comprehensive view, and the result was more satisfactory. But as to who stole the watermelon—it was either a watermelon or a sapphire as big as a watermelon—I had not the faintest conception. However, since there must be a conclusion I selected from a number of intended misleaders one that I thought would be the easiest to make fit the conditions. This done, I locked my desk and went home to dinner.

At 9 o'clock I sat down to write the last chapter of "The Gem of Good Hope." My work consisted in fitting my denouement to the rest of the story, or, rather, in fitting the rest of the story to my denouement. Whoever has tried to work out one of those puzzles in which there is always one piece which cannot be made to fit in its proper place will understand the nerve racking task in which I was engaged. Just as I had come to believe that I was meeting with some success I smelled smoke and heard a commotion below.

Running downstairs, I found an incipient fire in the kitchen back of the range and set about putting it out. Some one had turned in an alarm, and in a few minutes the clanging fire engines were pulling up before the door. The house was filled with firemen, small boys, water and smoke. Fortunately the disturbance did not last long, but after it was all over and I

returned to my literary labors I was obliged to listen to the sounds of the crowd attracted by the noisy firemen.

It was 2 o'clock in the morning before I finished writing the last chapter of "The Gem of Good Hope" and, throwing myself into bed, tried to sleep. But I was tortured by a fear that I had left something unconnected that would make the story ridiculous. However, I managed to get four hours' slumber and, after a hasty breakfast, went to the office with the manuscript.

After the typographical errors had been eliminated the proofs came to me for revision. They were a sight to behold. The proofreader had put one or more query marks in every paragraph, the sheets looking as if insects emerging from an inkwell had meandered over the paper. Most of these errors arose from fixing the body of the story to accord with my denouement. I might have turned them into good English, but every query mark let loose a million discrepancies. However, I did the best I could with them in the limited time and attention I was able to give them and passed the revised sheets on till the last chapter was reached, which I was pleased to see read very smoothly even if it deleted every intention of the author.

I wished that the book could be issued at once instead of in a couple of months. If the story came out immediately its glaring incongruities might be forgotten before the return of the authoress. I knew very well that she would make it hot for me, and if she returned when the story was issued it was quite likely there would be a veritable Tophet. If she returned later and my vision of her story was found not to be so bad as might have been expected she might let me down with comparative ease.

A perusal of the page proofs took away all hope. My ending of the story was not at all borne out by the circumstances. Every one of forty-nine of the fifty chapters bristled with reasons why my denouement could not have been possible. I, the author, the firm, would be ruined. Nevertheless the issue must go as it was. The story had been advertised for issue on a certain date and must be in the hands of the dealers at that time.

When I took up the first criticism on the story I trembled. It happened to be one of those that to us who know mean that the writer had not time to read the book. It spoke of Miss Quigley's marvelous ingenuity, etc. I groaned. Marvelous ingenuity! Just wait till some fifteen dollar a week understrapper has read the book attentively.

The next criticism I read was more definite. It spoke of the story as the most subtle of all Miss Quigley's wonderful plans. The critic was reminded of the stories of eminent detective story writers who left purposely a shadow of doubt in the reader's mind just what was intended. The story of "The Lady and the Tiger," the denouement of which was left to the reader, was cited as a most successful effort in this line of work.

An idea popped into my brain. Turning to my stenographer, I dictated the following item, which I sent to a trade paper devoted to book news:

"The 'Gem of Good Hope' by Alice Quigley, is a new departure in detective story writing. After ably leading the reader through a number of incidents, each calculated to suggest a theory, the writer with consummate skill brings the story to an end upon a theory not at all in harmony with the facts laid down, leaving the reader to form any theory that he can fit to the narrative."

Having secured the publication of this item in one paper, I took measures to have it copied by others. It was not long before many of those who read the book had heard that it was intended for a puzzle to be worked out by the reader. The consequence was that every reader perused the pages with the utmost attention in order that he might be the better able to form the correct theory.

As soon as this view of the case was spread abroad the sales of "The Gem of Good Hope" rapidly increased. I seriously meditated offering a prize for the person who should give the correct interpretation to the story. I would surely have done so, but since it would be impossible to name anything that would conform to the facts as laid down I did not see how any one could win the prize. This, of course, would reflect on the integrity of the publishers.

Fortunately before Miss Quigley returned from her trip her book had had an enormous sale. I saw a notice in a newspaper of her arrival and fortified myself with a number of checks with which to make a defense when she visited me. She came in with eyes aflame and so choked with indignation for me that she could not utter them. I took advantage of the delay to hand her a \$5,000 check. She took it without looking at it and, having found her voice, fired a volley. To this I replied with a \$10,000 check. This check she glanced at, and it produced an effect. She was beginning again when I fired a big gun at her loaded with \$15,000 shrapnel. This staggered her, and she looked at all the checks I had given her.

"What does this mean?" she asked.
"It means," I said, "that your last and greatest work has had a phenomenal sale. No such literary financial success has been attained in years. Sit down, Miss Quigley, and I will tell you how it came about."

And I did. I gave her the story such as I have told it here. When I had finished it required some time for her to satisfy herself that she had met with a piece of good fortune instead of the barbarous treatment she had supposed.

Her next story she drew with the intention of leaving the reader to guess the outcome. It proved a failure.



BED ROOM FURNITURE

that combines beauty, comfort and serviceability is a feature of our display. If you plan to refurbish your own or the spare room you certainly should not fail to see how well we can suit your taste and purse. We invite you to come and look.

J. R. MOLLOY, The Furniture Man
Wahpeton, N. D.

NORTHERN PACIFIC HAS FINE EXHIBIT

One of the most interesting and largest exhibits at the Dairy and Cattle Show, Waterloo, Ia., September 27 to October 3, 1915, was that of the Northern Pacific. This railroad exhibited at the show last year but their display was larger and better than ever and all who visited the show did not fail to see this popular exhibit.

The exhibit was in charge of L. J. Bricker, General Immigration Agent, and visitors were well pleased with hearing an interesting description and information regarding the Northwest. The Northern Pacific territory comprises Minnesota, the Dakotas, Montana, Idaho, Washington, and Oregon. From this great stretch of land the Immigration Department gathered grains, grasses, vegetables, fruits, sea foods and other things that were sent to Iowa to delight the eye and establish in the minds of the people of Iowa, the fact that the great empire traversed by the Northern Pacific is worthy and deserving of attention.

A hand painted map showing seven thousand miles of the road's territory was an interesting item. Over 100 jars showing fruits, vegetables, berries, sea foods and a variety of things that soil, bushes and trees produce when proper attention is accorded was exhibited. One large jar contained fourteen distinct varieties of vegetables. Twenty pears, the smallest eight inches in circumference, were shown as the product of one little limb. A splendid quality of corn from the Yellowstone Valley in Montana was also a feature.

An attractive exhibit of wonderful Yellowstone National Park, the largest, grandest and oldest of our national parks, interested a great many visitors.

NORTH DAKOTA IMPROVED SEED GROWERS' ANNUAL TEST

Growers Take Notice:

We have, this year, one of the finest lists of prizes which have ever been offered to any set of seed growers in the world. Every kind of seed, forage, farm and garden seed will be given prizes, and in most cases the premiums are in cash and in large amounts. There is no cereal in which the first prize is not more than \$20. In most cases the first prize for any one of the seeds is \$10 or larger. There are usually five or six prizes attached to each variety of seed. Remember that while you may not have the advantage of raising good seed in the case of all of your crops, that probably you have on your farm in the case of some of the grasses or forage plants, timothy, alfalfa, millet, peas, buckwheat rye or some of the products the best seed that is grown in the state this year. This North Dakota Improved Seed Growers' Association gives you an opportunity to let the people of the state know which it is the purpose to aid the North Dakota Improved Seed Growers to get in touch with those who wish to buy the seed whether they are seedsmen or other growers. Lists are published at the close of the contest showing the name and address of every grower and the amount of seed which he has on sale for seed. Therefore, in sending in your samples, and in entering the contest, always let us know how much you have grown and how much you have prepared for sale as seed. Do not send the samples in for the contest, without preparing them in the form that you intend to sell them for seed.

Address: North Dakota Improved Seed Growers' Association, H. L. Bolley, Secretary - Treasurer, and ask for tags, entry blanks, premium lists, etc.

MEETING OF THE NORTH DAKOTA EDUCATIONAL ASS'N

The annual meeting of the N. D. Educational Association will be held at Grand Forks, November 3rd, 4th and 5th. The program includes topics of interest to all classes of teachers and to school officers, and we believe that all who can find it convenient to attend will be amply repaid for doing so.

We would urge upon teachers and school officers the value of attending this meeting and hope that a large number from Richland County will be present and enroll as members of the association.

The law provides that teachers may be allowed to attend this meeting without loss of pay for the time taken from their schools, and we trust that school boards will give them the privilege of doing so.

We have sent copies of the program to some of the teachers and school officers; but our supply is exhausted. Others who desire copies can probably secure them from the Secretary, W. E. Parsons, Bismarck, N. D.

CHAS. HANSON,
Co. Supt. of Schools.

FREE UNTIL 1916

Have you subscribed yet for The Youth's Companion for 1916? Now is the time to do it, if you are not already a subscriber, for you will get all the issues for the remaining weeks of 1915 free from the time your subscription with \$2.00 is received.

The fifty-two issues of 1916 will be crowded with good reading for young and old. Reading that is entertaining, but not "wish-washy." Reading that leaves you, when you lay the paper down, better informed, with keener aspirations, with a broader outlook on life. The Companion is a good paper to tie to if you have a growing family—and for general reading, as Justice Brewer once said, no other is necessary.

If you wish to know more of the brilliant list of contributors, from our ex-Presidents down, who will write for them in volume in 1916, and if you wish to know something of the new stories for 1916, let us send you free the Forecast for 1916.

Every new subscriber who sends \$2.00 for 1916 will receive, in addition to this year's free issues, The Companion Home Calendar for 1916.

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